

John Q lost his job, & then
his unemployment check,
his wife, his car, &
medical insurance.

No hope now, though
the children visit, exit

sneering. Terminal-
ly bitter, he consults

the Anti-Giru, who crashes
in a hole, no snowy peak.

How can I be even
more abjectly screwed
to death? J. Q. begs.

"Why, just proclaim this Yankee-
Doodle Mantra!" ex-

horts prophet: "PRIVATIZATION!
GLOBALIZATION!" & John Q does

witness thereupon angels
in a circle jerk-

ing wings & harmonizing
chords to consecrate
the rapturous words.